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A new Ballad, containing a communication between the carefull Wife, and the comfortable Husband touching the common cares and charges of House-hold.

The carefull Wife.

The comfortable Husband.

HOw shall we good husband now live this hard yeare,
This world is so queasie and all things so deare:
And so little taking of money for ware,
Makes me lye waking with no little care.
Then had you need Husband to looke to the Fore,
Whose crafty conveyance will empty your bore:
With faire fawning speeches some credit to crave,
Or else to be surety for more then you have.

Then Husband be carefull and not over large,
For unto House-keeping there longeth a charge:
In wiving and thriving it is an old song,
More then the bare legs to bed doe belong.
What you spend on mee, I take for my paine,
For doing such dukes as you would disdaine:
For dressing your diet, in washing and wringing,
And much paines I take man, with faire babies bringing.

And what you doe get, Sir, that will I save,
What better good will in a Wife can you have?
Be sure of my promise for better, for worse,
I will be a thrift wife to husband your purse.
I must provide, man, for many an odde thing,
That you never looke to buy or to bring:
To welcome your neighbours, your Nurse and your friend,
To furnish a houshold longs many an odde end.

What need, man such odding betwixt you and me?
All shall bee even man, if wee two agree:
Even you my good husband, and I your good wife,
Will passe this hard yeere, man without any strife,
And I for my part will doe what I may,
With Spinning and Reeling to passe time away,
Providing and getting to pay for my share:
That none shall come chatting to you for such lacks.

As fast as you will, man, I will be content,
Pay you the Brewer, and the Landlord his rent.
The Butcher, the Baker, and the Collier his score,
And then the Woodmonger and I aske no more.
Then a good New yeers gift, good husband give mee,
And a good New yeers gift I doe give thee,
Thou hast a good wife, that a true wife will bee,
Both this yeare and many to bee merry with thee.

WIfe, as tyes get little, so temper our dyet,
With any small morsell to live and be quiet,
Though home be but homely and never so poor,
Yet let us keepe warily the Wolfe from the doore,
Pay there lay a straw, wife, I am not so mad,
Well yard is well sold, wife, a man may be glad,
With any light gaine to fill up the purse,
Keane state to maintaine, but not make it worse.

I know it is true, good wife, that you say,
He that doth marry, must cast much away:
For looke whatsoever I spend upon you,
Comes never againe (wife) I thinke this is true,
Loose what you would have, wife, let mee know,
I grutch not at any thing that you bestow.
Be content and pleased, lacke shall bee no let:
Ile see your cares eased as fast as I get.

But looke no more in wife, then I looke without,
You looke in my purse, wife, too often I doubt,
But when you looke in, would you bring in as fast,
Then though you still look'd, the longer 'twould last,
Upon the odds, wife, I perceive still you goe,
With the odds I have gotten a verry odde showe:
The odds may sometimes, wife, make a faire lay,
And the odds may hazard to make all away.

A merry new life, makes a merry beginning,
Let goe this is past, wife, be it losing or winning,
I will play the good husband the best that I can,
To live with good credit and pay every man,
Then shall wee lacke nothing, wife I doe believe,
Nor no man shall take you or me by the sleeve,
For scoring, or tallying, or taking on trust,
But cleare quittance making is toyfull and tust.

That I shall doe, wife, with a very good will,
To pay that I owe my meaning is still:
And shall have to pay, I hope while I live,
What old yeare affords not, the new yeere will give.
God grant it bee true all this that you say,
To his onely glory, to whom let us pray,
That wee in his feare may seeme to amend
Our former sinnes passed unto our lives end.